Dontcha wish your boyfriend was manipulative like me?

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6901168.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Will, Omega Hannibal, Dom/sub Undertones, Manipulative Hannibal, Insecurity, Power Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Take the ending with a pinch of salt, Hannibal is Hannibal, slight angst, but everyone is happy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of your face is a social construct
Stats:	Published: 2016-05-19 Completed: 2019-01-12 Words: 4,253 Chapters: 2/2

Dontcha wish your boyfriend was manipulative like me?

by Zayrastriel

Summary

Will’s not a good leader, and Hannibal would make a terrible follower. But Hannibal has always been good at getting what he wants; whether it’s the perfect cuts of non-vegetarian meat, or turning Will into the perfect Alpha.

Series summary: Will Graham has no time for social constructs, no matter how grounded in biology they are. Hannibal approves, disapproves, and is occasionally exactly the same. (A set of unlinked oneshots.)

Notes

Just letting you know that this is definitely not one of my better examples of writing - I've been travelling and exhausted, but am attempting to get myself back in the game.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

A common misconception that Hannibal faces (too often, far too often) is that confidence and social dominance must equate to a sexual equivalent. It is a phenomenon that Hannibal encounters far too often with female Beta patients of his; successful, intelligent and kind women who are forced to either 'settle' or surrender their high-profile jobs to the egos of their lovers. Women who are treated with fear and near-disgust by male Betas, and with open disdain from Alphas.

It always fascinates Hannibal, the narrow-minded ignorance of the self-proclaimed *superior* gender. It is for this reason that Hannibal must take pains to choose colognes which negate the Omega scent; not fully, but just enough that he is able to move almost invisibly. Trial and effort have produced perfumes that leave just enough Omeganess that the obvious emptiness of hormone inhibitors doesn't bother the Alphas he associates with – but also not enough to stir those natural urges for domination, possession, and procreation.

Natural urges. How disgusting, and how amusing; that those who pride themselves on their apparent superiority cannot muster up the self-control to act as more than animals. So Hannibal stays well away from Alphas. Modern technology and the twenty first century work wonders when they finally come around. A combination of sex toys, creativity, and a little chemistry, leave Hannibal the proud owner and (most definitely anonymous) patenter of an almost perfect replica of an Alpha's genital appendage – complete with knot and refillable artificial semen. It is this invention and its resultant wealth that Hannibal uses to fund his extravagant lifestyle, rather than the inherited fortune that, in reality, was completely lost to the Soviet and Nazi governments.

By the third year of his Baltimore practice, Hannibal is fully-established, fully single, and fully content.

And then he meets Will Graham.

Hannibal would be lying if he said that he wanted Will from the moment the man entered Jack Crawford's room. No, it was love (or the like) at first sight, when Hannibal happened to overhear part of the Alpha's lecture as he was on his way to visit Alana. Eyes averted, scruffy and unshaven, voice a mumble that half his audience strain to understand – and yet, as he tilts his head towards the picture of grotesque death, Will Graham's voice clears. His eyes widen, and for a brief moment, he's a shining image of brilliance.

That was the moment that Hannibal decided he wanted Will Graham and his erratic brilliance for his own. Truth be told, if Jack hadn't approached him, Hannibal would have lured Alana into introducing them.

Thankfully, however, Jack does approach him. An omega psychiatrist, Jack thinks, might calm Will where an Alpha will almost definitely antagonise. Hannibal agrees out loud,

though privately he's almost sure that Will will not adhere to the standard behaviour of an Alpha towards an omega. Indeed, he's counting on it.

He's not wrong; Will is just as aggressive with him as he is with Jack, though that is most likely due to his presence in the room, rather than any of Hannibal's actions. Normally, Will's behaviour – rude, bordering on obnoxious – would have earned him a solid position on Hannibal's list of ingredients. Instead, it delights him.

"I don't find you that interesting," Will tells him, even as he savours the food that Hannibal feeds him. Hannibal wonders if he is the first omega ever to have cooked for Will. It's a distinct possibility, and it delights him; that he will be Will's first, and his last.

Something unfamiliar stirs within him – something he hasn't felt in decades, since Misha. Protectiveness.

I don't find you that interesting.

"You will," Hannibal replies simply..

It takes time for Will to accept that Hannibal has no desire to psychoanalyse him. It never occurs to him, Hannibal notes with a mix of delight and fond exasperation, that the Alpha doesn't consider even for a moment that Hannibal might have a desire for something *else*. This doesn't dampen his own desire for the profiler, of course; after all, it is evident that Will's obtuseness is a result of the abhorrent treatment inflicted upon him by the rest of the world.

But these things take time, and Hannibal is nothing if not patient. That is why he and Will sit in complete silence in Hannibal's office. From the moment the profiler had entered the room, he had seemed distracted; appearing to barely hear Hannibal's pleasantries.

This doesn't trouble Hannibal. Will's breathing is steady, his heartbeat calm in a way it almost never is. *You are silence*, Will told him once, and he didn't have to explain just what a relief that was for a mind that never quite stopped screaming, even in the deepest of sleep.

"What's it like?"

For a moment, Hannibal is genuinely startled. "Pardon?" he asks in confusion, because Will is suddenly looking at him, a kind of fierce desperation in his eyes.

"Having a mate," Will clarifies. He's meeting Hannibal's gaze, which is rare enough that it is strangely unnerving. "What's it like?"

Hannibal had known, of course, that Will had never had a mate. Still, the confirmation is pleasant. "I'm afraid I wouldn't know," he replies calmly.

Surprise crosses Will's face – surprise, and something else that has Hannibal suppressing a triumphant smile. "Really? But you…you know," he trails off with obvious awkwardness, gesturing vaguely in Hannibal's direction. "You've never…?"

“Oh, I’ve had brief encounters with the occasional beta,” Hannibal says dismissively. “But no. I prefer to stay away from Alphas. I prefer my independence.”

It would also be near-impossible to indulge some of his more alternative interests with such a partner, but Will doesn’t need to know that.

(Not yet, in any case.)

“Yeah,” Will mumbles. “Fair enough.”

“And you? What has kept you from seeking out a mate?”

A bitter laugh – more a scoff, really – escapes the younger man’s mouth. “You know what, Doctor Lecter. Don’t be disingenuous.”

“I’m understand that it might be difficult for you,” Hannibal agrees easily. “But there are surely omegas who are willing to embrace your faults and virtues.”

The profiler looks unconvinced. “Yes, because every omega dreams of a mate who dreams of killing, who *becomes* a killer for a living. What *isn’t* there to like about an unstable Alpha with more dogs than friends, who can’t even protect himself?”

“Exactly what I mean. You become a killer in your mind to protect the living,” Hannibal points out, because he knows that Will not take kindly to Hannibal’s desire for Will to act on his own. “Despite your difficulties, you demonstrate profound care for living beings that rely wholly on you. You exaggerate your flaws, Will. Perhaps you hide behind your perceived negative attributes to avoid the potentiality for rejection.”

“Moreover,” he adds as Will opens his mouth to respond, “your application of gender stereotypes is disappointing. Not every omega wishes for a protector, particularly in this era.”

For a moment, Will appears about to spit back an angry retort; but his expression fades into weariness. “Sorry. You might be…you *are* right. I’ve just never met an omega who wasn’t wary after actually spending time with me,” the Alpha says tiredly, slumping back in his chair and taking off his glasses to rub at sleep-reddened eyes.

Something about the defeat in Will’s body language rouses the same coil in Hannibal’s stomach, the same tightness of his heart that feeding Will the first time raised within him.

He bites it down, however; this is the opportunity he has been waiting for, and sentiment is not worth making a mistake at this juncture.

“I believe you are wrong,” Hannibal replies, averting his gaze towards his lap in a gesture of wholly feigned nervousness. “Wrong, and perhaps a little blind.” Will is oblivious, and while it does play in his favour that Will has been left bereft of protection from the world for so long, it does annoy Hannibal. “You do know an omega that enjoys your company. Who would enjoy more.”

Will had already looked up when Hannibal started speaking, obviously startled by the uncharacteristic aggression in his tone.

“You-“ the profiler chokes out, “you – you mean, you-“

Hannibal looks up at Will from under his lashes. His hands fidget for a moment till they settle in his lap again, wrists bared.

“Join me for dinner tonight,” he says softly; a command couched as a question.

Will bites his lower lip, hard. A pinprick of blood pools and he licks it away hastily. “Okay,” he mumbles, as he stares transfixed at Hannibal’s hands.

Another drop forms. Before the Alpha’s tongue can dart out to catch it, Hannibal lunges forwards; presses his mouth to Will’s, capturing the blood. It is warm and metallic, with a tang that is wholly *Will*.

Before the younger man is able to react, Hannibal is already walking towards the door. “I will see you at eight, Will. Please don’t be late.”

It takes the Alpha a long, stunned few seconds before he swallows hard and pushes himself hesitantly to his feet. “…I won’t,” he stutters, movements jerky as he moves to pass Hannibal.

The psychiatrist smiles. Trails his fingers down Will’s arm; a promise that leaves Will’s eyes wide. “I know.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal have dinner and post-coital confession time.

Chapter Notes

This is two years late and rather mediocre and I am SO SORRY but here you go.

His appointment with Hannibal had been early for once, in an attempt to start rather than end his day on a positive note, and to get him through the early morning lectures that he normally fumbles his way through in a coffee-infused exhaustion-induced haze.

He fumbles through today's lectures, but for a different reason this time; confused, shocked optimism cuts through the haze but leaves Will tripping over his words, trailing off mid-sentence as the ghost of Hannibal's fingers trail down his arm.

Calm. Breathe.

The command fails to sink in through the long drive back to Wolf Trap. With no case to occupy his mind (a rare luxury that he's both grateful for and annoyed about), Will turns his attention to the slowly accumulating pile of housework and repairs that needs to be done.

Calm. Breathe.

However, no matter how frequent the repetition or how Will attempts to cement it with routine manual tasks that normally serve as some barrier between him and the outside world. Arms covered to the elbows in soap suds, shirt splattered with water and wet fur as one by one each of his dogs is subjected (with varying levels of enthusiasm and willingness) to their weekly wash.

There's no dignity in this task, and maybe that's why he revels in it; the simplicity of scrubbing through wet fur, his dogs' cold noses and sloppy tongues pressed against his shirt or face in hilarious appeal for the torture to cease.

For just a few moments, there's just this. Long collie hair clumping in his hands till he's forced to take a break to wash it all off. The cool splash of soapy water that dries sticky against his skin under the spring sun.

He's fine until one of the dogs he's washing happens to have hair just *this* side of blond; the strands fine and dark under the water, but with a hint of paleness in the light.

Hannibal's hair would be like this, Will thinks absent-mindedly as he squeezes shampoo onto wet fur. Perhaps a little longer; long enough to tug, were Will brave enough to press his lips against the omega, to wrap an arm over those broad shoulders.

What would those lips taste like? Not like Alana's not at all. Though Hannibal's are never chapped, they don't have the lushness of his female counterpart. No – in Will's fantasies, Hannibal's lips are soft but slightly rough, yielding without weakness…

Maybe I'll find out tonight.

Buster whimpers underneath Will's hands – clenched too tightly in the dog's short coat as a pulse of nervous nauseous excitement ripples through his body.

"Sorry, sorry," Will murmurs quickly. He rubs Buster's side before scratching his head in apology, thrusting all thoughts of Hannibal's sharp cheekbones and inviting mouth towards the opposite corner of his mind.

Later.

Those thoughts and half-formed images stay mercifully consigned to the recesses of Will's brain until he's pulling on a hastily-ironed shirt and fumbling with the buttons. The material is expensive and stiff, purchased for the wedding of his only childhood friend. The last time he'd worn this, he was standing beside Hannibal at Mrs Hobbs's funeral.

In the mirror, Will sees himself swallow heavily at the memory. Ideally, this night will scourge any earlier associations from the fabric.

If not, he can always burn it.

That latter thought – that things might not work out, that tonight will be nothing more than an awkward meal as Hannibal realises he's made a mistake by even considering allowing Will to see him intimately – creeps up on Will slowly and then suddenly.

Suddenly he's on his knees, gasping and choking as panic's invisible hands grip his neck.

Calm. Breathe. Calm, he reminds himself. Draws out the sight of Hannibal's dark crimson eyes gazing at him through fine pale lashes. Strong tanned wrists upturned, in a deliberate gesture of submission.

Calm.

This time it works, just enough that Will is able to push himself back onto his feet.

From then, everything is autopilot. Coat, bag, keys, wallet, phone. Most of the dogs barely stir when he walks towards the front door, too exhausted from the excitement of their baths. Only Winston follows Will to the door, though he doesn't attempt to sneak through the door

like some of the others occasionally do. Will allows the dog to nudge against his leg briefly, offering his hand for a brief lick. Satisfied, Winston turns and pads away towards the rug he's claimed.

The drive to Hannibal's house goes surprisingly quickly, though Will is careful not to speed. The notion of getting pulled over at this juncture is nothing short of horrifying. He blasts classic rock the whole drive, loud enough to keep him on the verge of out of his head until he's pulling into Hannibal's street.

Even though he is given the chance to knock, it is clear that Hannibal has anticipated his arrival; the psychiatrist answers the door immediately, serene and immaculately-dressed as always.

"Good evening, Will," he says calmly, but there's a slight flicker of uncertainty in his gaze.

Though he'd talked himself in and out of this the whole day, that slight chink in Hannibal's normally impenetrable armour (no doubt a deliberate reveal, which makes it all the more sweet) gives Will just enough courage to forego words, as he steps forwards to brush his lips clumsily against the omega's. His are chapped and rough, but Hannibal doesn't seem to mind, making a small noise of contentment. When Will tentatively places a hand on the psychiatrist's waist, the man relaxes slightly into the touch.

It's tempting to deepen the kiss, but then a slight gust of wind ruffles Will's hair, alerting him to the fact that they're still standing in Hannibal's doorway. He reluctantly pulls back, with a small thrill of delight when Hannibal leans forwards in a momentary attempt to recapture the kiss before coming back to himself.

"Dinner," Will mutters, slightly fidgety.

The psychiatrist smiles, controlled as ever but for the slight flush of his cheeks. "Dinner," he agrees, dropping his gaze just slightly before looking up at Will from under his lashes in a mimicry of the morning. Calculated, and no less sincere for it.

"Filet mignon with salad and roasted potatoes," Hannibal tells Will, who stares at his plate with some shock. It's not that the food doesn't look unappetising (far, far from that) but…

"This is very…um…"

"English?" Hannibal suggests when Will trails off.

That's not actually the word Will was thinking about; *pub* would have been more accurate. "It looks – smells – fantastic," he hastens to clarify. "It's just a bit of a…departure…from what you usually offer up. Not that I'm complaining," Will adds hurriedly, because the steak looks amazing and he already hasn't eaten the whole day so the delay of awkwardly trying to get himself out of what must seem like a considerable insult to his host is not helping. Before he can get his foot any further in his mouth, Will carves a corner of steak and practically shoves it into his mouth.

Damnit, how does Hannibal make steak taste *decadent*?

Hannibal's eyes are kind, if amused, when Will (still chewing) finally dares to look towards the psychiatrist. "I wanted to make you comfortable, Will," he says gently. "I *enjoy* making you comfortable."

A lump forms, just briefly, in his throat. Oddly, Hannibal's words do not grate at Will's inner Alpha. It's probably because Will knows Hannibal by now, knows he wouldn't ever say anything to suggest that Will is weak in any way. The way he stresses the word *enjoy* – it's active reassurance that Will is making the omega feel good.

It's so very manipulative, so perfectly crafted. It makes Will fall in love just a little bit harder.

After that, Will makes no effort to restrain his expressions of delight at the food. He takes his time, conscious of Hannibal's deliberately watchful gaze; makes sure to broadcast his appreciation, not only for the consideration of Hannibal's cooking, but also for his softened tone and the delicacy with which he handles their dinner conversation. No talk of broken teacups or Will's latest case. They talk instead of music and opera (Will knows little of either, but Hannibal is only too happy to educate with a rare enthusiasm that is profoundly endearing), of Will's dogs and fishing.

By the time they have finished dinner, Will has completely shaken off the anxiety from earlier. A combination of contented fullness, the warmth of the room and Hannibal's regard, and the frankly excellent wine bolsters his confidence in a way that nothing has before. After the omega has returned from taking the empty plates to the kitchen and left them to soak. Will has worked himself up to moving to the couch, legs spread wide. Hannibal takes the unspoken invitation, moving to stand between them and smiling slightly as Will's large hands grasp his waist lightly.

Light, but firm enough to hopefully get across the possessive interest that is finally drowning out the uncertainty and self-loathing under which it is normally cloaked. "Is this alright?" Will asks, for once actually confident as to what the answer will be.

Hannibal leans down to press his lips chastely to Will's in silent answer. Goes willingly as Will pulls the omega into his lap (*where he belongs*, Will's inner Alpha growls in triumph). He's keenly conscious of the man's weight, largely comprised of lean and powerful muscle.

This time, Will takes control of the kiss. Sweeps his tongue lightly over the outline of Hannibal's mouth till the other man opens up obediently. One of Will's arms wraps around Hannibal's back in support, the other rising to grasp the back of Hannibal's head. He lets his fingers trace lightly across the omega's neck, smiling into their kiss when Hannibal lets out a gasp of surprise at the sensation.

"Wait-" Hannibal starts to say, turning his head away.

Cute. "No," Will says with another smile. "This is what you wanted, isn't it? For me to control you?"

"Will-"

A nip to Hannibal's bottom lip – hard enough to draw blood – silences the man. "Because I can do that, Hannibal."

And then Will brings his hand around to circle Hannibal's throat, thumb placed just over the man's trachea. It's a gesture of possessiveness, of ownership. "Mine," Will pulls back from the kiss to whisper against Hannibal's lips. No threat, no promise. Just a gentle statement of fact.

Hannibal *moans*. It's real and unforced, the omega that Hannibal so carefully suppresses reacting on instinct to an Alpha – to *Will*.

And with that Will's restraint is gone.

"Bedroom*, now*," Will hisses, surging to his feet so quickly that Hannibal almost stumbles till Will catches him.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like dessert-" The omega breaks off with a loud yelp as Will yanks his hair, *hard*. No retaliation or protest, however, he follows Will's pull to arch his back against the Alpha's chest, head against Will's shoulder.

Hannibal shivers when Will's breath washes over his scent gland.

"*Now*."

If Will had previously thought to consider what Hannibal would be like in bed, *little spoon* would have felt rather uncharacteristic. The role seems to suit the man surprisingly well, however, as they lie chest to back, sweaty and satiated, on Hannibal's frankly excessively large bed, dark silk sheets pushed messily to the floor. He pushes his ass back slightly into Will's still-swollen knot (sending a jolt of tired arousal through Will yet again) with a contented sigh.

The back of the omega's neck and shoulders are peppered with bite marks, and his throat will likely bruise in the places where he directed Will's hand.

Fuck me harder, Hannibal had demanded, canting his hips back and tightening his muscles around Will's cock, *fuck me like you own me, darling.*

The endearment was strange on Hannibal's tongue, as though he had never used it before. That made it all the more charming.

Now, one of Will's arms is wrapped possessively around the other man's midriff, and Hannibal seems happy enough to examine the Alpha's large, callused palm.

"Hannibal," Will murmurs as the other man continues to trace abstract patterns over the skin of the Alpha's arm.

"Yes, Will?" The omega looks over his shoulder to meet Will's eyes.

"You know you could have just asked," he says neutrally.

Hannibal frowns, apparently in honest confusion. “What do you mean?”

“I’m attracted to *you*. I want you. Not because you’re an omega. Though,” and Will releases Hannibal’s waist to reach down to where they’re still joined, “it’s certainly a nice bonus.”

Hannibal tenses in Will’s arms. “I’m afraid I don’t quite understand.”

“Dinner. The way you approached me, earlier. Christ, the way we just fucked. I appreciate it, but you really could have just asked.”

When Will lifts his head to meet the omega’s eyes, he is surprised at the jolt of arousal and protectiveness that the man’s uncertainty causes.

“I…” For the first time since they met, Hannibal seems unsure of what to say. “I didn’t realise you’d noticed.

Will barely avoids rolling his eyes, instead doing his best to project reassurance as he cranes his neck slightly to press a kiss to Hannibal’s forehead.

“I’m not good at interacting with people, Hannibal, but I am good at reading them,” he points out. “Besides, it was hard to miss. You wanted me to feel like an Alpha. Like I was being a good Alpha, and like you were a suitable omega for making you feel that way. I don’t mind,” he adds, “Not at all. I’m flattered, if anything, that you went to the effort.”

The body pressed against his chest relaxes slightly, though Will can still sense the omega’s uncertainty. “Flattered,” Hannibal repeats, clearly attempting but failing to keep his voice as expressionless as possible.

“If you want me to change, I will,” Will says frankly. “If you want me to pin you down and choke you out, I'll do that. I’ll still want you either way. I told you before - I'm not the kind of Alpha an omega wants. But if you want me to try, I will.”

The knot has deflated sufficiently by now that Will figures it should be safe to pull out. But as he makes to do so, Hannibal reaches back quickly to grasp Will’s thigh, stilling him.

He doesn’t say anything for a few moments, but Will doesn’t mind. It’s just Hannibal being Hannibal; processing new data, weighing up his options. It's Hannibal trying to deal with the kind of blunt sincerity that he offers but is surprised to receive.

The fact that he wants Will’s cock in him while he does so is rather endearing.

Finally Hannibal says, quietly, “I have no desire for you to change, though I may have been late to realise as much. It was rude of me to be duplicitous.”

“It’s fine-”

“It was rude,” Hannibal repeats a little more firmly. “I wanted you to express your interest in me, without my having to initiate anything myself. For one such as I to expect conformity to such an outdated tradition was unfair and-”

Hannibal is *rambling*. It’s painfully and surprisingly adorable, and wholly unnecessary.

(More likely than not, it's also just as crafted as everything else. Will couldn't care less.)

Will reaches over to clasp his palm over Hannibal’s mouth. “It was very rude,” he agrees. In one fluid motion, he pulls out of Hannibal and rolls on top of the man, pinning him down. “Which,” he continues, “is why I fully expect you to make it up to me. At length”

The other man looks up at him in wide-eyed surprise.

"You still...?"

Will manages to hide a smug smirk - because for all his confidence, Hannibal can still be thrown. "You're a dick," Will says, moving one hand to stroke Hannibal's face gently. "And I like it. I like *you*. And if you feel bad about that - like I said. Make it up to me."

The omega stares at him for a long moment, considering. Will waits, outwardly calm but heart racing.

Finally, *finally*, a smile forms on the other man's face. “I believe that can be arranged,” Hannibal says, and reaches up to pull Will down for a kiss.

End Notes

There'll hopefully be smut next chapter, from Will's POV.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!